

BRING YOUR
HAY AND GRAIN
To
MacCrimmon

THE CHRONICLE.

D. A. MacCrimmon
MONEY
TO LOAN
On Real Estate.

VOL. I. NO. 46.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1908.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

Sutherland's for Stoves.

MOFFAT PARLOR HEATERS.

Fairy Oak No. 13 \$11.75, No. 15 \$14
Nugget, No. 9, \$9
Live Oak, No. 130, \$10.50
Stove boards 90cts.

These prices good for one week only,

THE TOGGERY.

New Hats
New Gloves
Overalls
Handkerchiefs, red and blue

New Shirts
Sheep Coats
Socks

SUITS PRESSED

D. G. HARVIE.

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

When you are in need of Lumber it will pay you to compare my prices and quality with any yard on this line. If you cannot make out your own bill of what you require, I will be glad to help you.

GEO. BECKER, Prop.

Ontkes & Armstrong.

General Merchandise and Hardware

DRY GOODS

New Lines of Winter Goods in Ladies Wrapperette, Serges and Broadcloth in the latest patterns

The famous Watson's Ladies, Mens and Boys Underware in all sizes and weights

Now is the time for Sour Kraut

Cabbage 2c per lb

Try our Special Brand of Green Tea at 35c per lb

Tuxedo Brand of all goods cannot be surpassed for quality and price

UNDERTAKING

We are now prepared to furnish Coffins, Caskets and everything pertaining to the Undertaking business.

Arrangements made with Calgary firm for embalming, etc.

Alberta Yields are Best.

Government Returns Give Alberta the First Place for Yields of Wheat, Oat and Barley to the acre.

	Average Yield per acre.
Wheat	30 bushels
Oats	49 "
Barley	35 "

The above figures give Alberta's yields of grain to the acre and are taken from the Government Report for October.

The Government Statistical Department has issued a report on the crop conditions throughout Canada which proves interesting reading although such reports are often dry as dust. We make the following extracts from the report which was issued in October.

"Threshing operations during September were carried on as a rule under favourable conditions as to weather, and it is now possible to estimate the yield and quality of the principal grain crops from returns based upon actual threshing results, so far as these have been obtained. The total production of wheat is estimated at 115,500,000 bushels, of oats at 267,651,000 bushels and of barley at 50,723,000 bushels. The yield of wheat, as estimated from the appearance of the crops at the end of August is not confirmed by present threshing results, for the total production of Canada, as now estimated, is 34½ bushels per acre less, representing a total diminution of 9,039,000 bushels. This drop is almost entirely due to the returns from Saskatchewan and Manitoba, where adverse seasonal influences appear to have had greater effects upon the yield than were indicated by the appearance of the crops at the end of August."

For the Dominion (British Columbia excepted), the yields, which are based on actual threshing returns, are as follows:

Wheat.....	17½ bushels per acre.
Oats.....	33.7 " "
Barley.....	29.0 " "

Taking the various provinces we find that the wheat yields per acre are as follows:

Prince Edward Island.....	14.0
Quebec.....	14.0
Saskatchewan.....	15.0
New Brunswick.....	16.0
Manitoba.....	17.5
Nova Scotia.....	20.0
Ontario.....	21.0
Alberta.....	30.0

On page 88 of the Statistical monthly we find the following report regarding conditions in Alberta.

"The returns indicate high grades of quality for all crops, wheat being 77, oats 84, and barley 80 per cent. Average yields per acre for these crops are, wheat 30, oats 49 and barley 35 bushels. They are considerably in excess of the yields for these crops in any other province. Wheat turns out two bushels per acre above last month's estimates, oats are one bushel below it and barley is the same as last month. Owing to the large proportion of winter wheat this cereal in general escaped the frost which proved so injurious in Saskatchewan. Crops of fall wheat yielding 55 bushels per acre are reported from Magrath. Threshing in many places had not begun at the end of September."

Since the above report was made to the Government a most remarkable yield of wheat has been got by P. I. McAnally here. He has threshed 66½ bushels of wheat to the acre.

TAFT IS PRESIDENT.

Republicans Swept the States. W. J. Bryan defeated again.

New York, Nov. 4.—While the election of William H. Taft as president by a large majority of the electoral vote was absolutely a certainty to-day, the result was so close in Maryland and West Virginia as to attract attention upon those states. The latest returns during the forenoon indicate that Bryan had carried West Virginia by a small plurality. To-day's returns showed also that Bryan had won over his own state of Nebraska and that state has also elected a Democratic governor. Although Taft carried Indiana, Ohio and probably Montana, all three of these states appear to have elected Democratic governors; Judge Harmon apparently winning in Ohio and Thomas H. Marshall in Indiana. On the other hand, while Bryan carried

Missouri by a safe margin the election of Herbert Hadley, the Republican, candidate for governor, was indicated. At 11 o'clock it was certain that the Republicans will control the next house of representatives.

William Howard Taft of Ohio, Republican, will be inaugurated on March 4th next as the twenty-fifth president of the United States succeeding Theodore Roosevelt, of New York. James Schloerfelt Sherman, of New York, will succeed Charles Warren Fairbanks, of Indiana, as vice-president. This is the most important thing decided by the people at the ballot box yesterday as the culmination of one of the most remarkable political campaigns in the history of the republic.

AIRDRIE.

Watch Airdrie Grow!
Presbyterian services at 3:30 p. m.
Methodist Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening.
Church of England service will be held in the school-house, Airdrie, on Sunday next at 11:30 a. m.
Mrs. Wm. Foran, of Airdrie, has recently written the words and music of a patriotic song entitled "Hurrah for Canada," copies of which are now on sale. It was published by the Canadian Foreign Music Co. Montreal.

Thanksgiving service will be held by the Presbyterians of Airdrie on Sunday November 8th at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Rev. Mr. Mahaffy, B. D., of Calgary, will preach. On the Monday evening there will be a social and programme and Mr. Mahaffy will give one of his popular talks on "Star gazing."

EAST BEAVERDAM

John Blough sold a horse recently.
The weather has been quite changeable of late.
Clarence Havens is getting along fine after his recent accident.
D. K. Fike is threshing at Mr. Klabb's.
Mr. and Mrs. Keil spent Sunday at Mr. Jim Hay's.
There was a Halloween Party at Mr. H. L. Brigg's on Saturday night.
There was a party and dance at Mr. McPherson's on Friday night.
Chas. Keil finished threshing on Saturday.
Jesse Fike appeared to be in a hurry on Sunday evening. Query? What's the rush Jesse?
Found along the road side a photo of a fine looking lady? Judging from the photo it appeared to have been partly lost some time ago.

Local and General.

Interesting Items Regarding Crossfield and Elsewhere.

Let Crossfield Flourish!
Bank Holiday on Monday.
F. Platt left for Lacombe on Sunday morning.
Turkeys Wanted at Crossfield Meat Market.

Mr. Bolton shipped a large consignment of hogs last week.

C. H. Russell, superintendent of schools, was in town on Monday.

The Crossfield Meat Market is paying 15c cash for No. 1 Spring Chickens.

"W. J. Bryan, President of U. S." was registered at the hotel on Tuesday.

Jas McKay, of Lacombe, was a guest at the Alberta Hotel on Saturday.

All the business places in town will close on Monday—Thanksgiving Day.

Copies of the Crossfield Courier are being given away free at the Drug Store.

Jas Marler, of Sarnapontion, who has been threshing near Clover Bar for a few weeks returned home on Tuesday.

Dr. Hall-Brown returned to town on Saturday. He has been out on his land at the Dog Pound for the past few weeks.

E. J. Benton is spending the week in Inisfail. His shop is being run by C. A. Aitken, of Inisfail, during his absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker and family are at present residing in Mr. Van Delinder's house until their new residence is completed.

Commissioner Coombe who commands the Salvation Army forces in Canada, passed through Crossfield on Tuesday afternoon.

C. Calhoun recently left at this office a fine sample of the product of his potato patch. His potatoes appear to be away above the average for quality.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Gaele have returned to Crossfield after spending some time in Portland, Ore. He appears to be well satisfied with Alberta.

A. W. Lee has recently sold his restaurant business in Inisfail and is spending a few days in Crossfield. He intends going into the hotel business in Alix shortly.

We can take your subscription to the Nor' West Farmer, Western Home Monthly, Westward-Ho Magazine and this paper altogether for only \$2.75. The usual price of the above is \$3.50.

Mr. Chisholm, whose present address is Royal Colonial Institute, London, England, writes to express his regret that the agitation for an increase in the hail insurance indemnity seems to be dying out.

Everybody is buying town lots now-a-days. We have a few good residence lots left at \$50.75 and \$100 only ½ cash required. See us on once.

Hultgren & Davis.
Real Estate Agents.

C. C. Smart has been busy lately drilling wells around this district. One well, and this may be considered as a record, was drilled and cased complete in five and a half hours. See Mr. Smart's notice in advertising columns.

Mrs. Cameron has been rather unfortunate with her dogs lately. One took ill and after treatment for various things it died. Examination proved that he had swallowed a long hat-pin. Another fine animal valued at \$25 has died this week.

Don Mathieson, whose smiling face will be missed for a while, left on Sunday for the East. He will pay visits to Peterboro and Toronto and other places where he has friends, but we do not think of the fine cities of the east will have the same attraction for him that Crossfield has. He'll be back.

Mr. John Cameron, brother of Mr. Cameron, manager of the Bank of Commerce branch here, is expected to arrive in Crossfield this week. He has been for some time acting-manager of the African Banking Corporation, in Johannesburg, South Africa, but owing to the unsettled state of that country, which may take ten years more to right itself, he has decided to come to Sunny Alberta to locate.

Sinclair's Strategy.

By HENRY HAVEN.

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"Our dinner, I believe, Miss Trent," Dick Underby whisked Myra away, and to Fred Sinclair, with a declaration of love trembling upon his tongue, it seemed that Myra went with ill omened eagerness. Underby hurried Myra off to the dancing floor, but Sinclair remained in the company and made rude remarks to the tiny fountain playing in the fern lined basin.

All the season it had been a race between himself and Underby for Myra's favor, and now the season was closing with the Dargard dance, yet neither of the two men had been successful in evading Myra's innocent stratagems and make his avowal of love.

Both had come to the dance determined to put his fate to the test, and on the morrow Myra was to leave town for a long visit to distant relatives.

Perhaps had there been but one suitor his persistence might have been rewarded by opportunity, but Underby and Sinclair unconsciously aided Myra in her evasions by interpreting the other at crucial moments. When the last dance had been interrupted and the guests were departing Sinclair realized, with shaking heart, that his opportunity was lost.

Underby, too, was heart heavy with disappointment, and chagrin still showed in his face when he came to the station the following afternoon to see

here in de mo'nt," he announced as he handed the package to Myra. The girl's face brightened as she recognized Sinclair's handwriting. "This" evidently contained the key. She would not have to puzzle longer.

From the package dropped a small booklet with "Esperanto Key" on the cover page. Myra had heard of the "universal language" and had heard that it required but half an hour to become familiar with the grammar. So, after all, her mystery was nothing but a letter in Esperanto, and the unraveling would be in a brief hour. She was half inclined to regret that the mystery would solve itself so quick; as she thought of the long day's ride before her.

But in this thought she was wrong, for, although the key was accompanied by a larger dictionary and she found the few rules absurdly simple, there were but parts of the mystery. The book laid stress upon accents as essential to the understanding of the words. Sinclair's letter was entirely wanting in accents, nor could she find some of his words in the dictionary.

It was not until late in the afternoon that she stumbled upon the explanation. "Shislo," she could not find the word in Sinclair's letter was a "point" meaning a lock, and "dis" instrument, and decided that a lock instrument was a key. With this clue as to the meaning of the words, she turned to the accents on preceding letters she soon had the translation written out. It read:

"Dear Myra—Perhaps even with the aid of this key you will have some small difficulty in getting the sense of this letter, but I know that you will puzzle over enigmas, and it is for this reason that I am sending you this key. It is to tell you what you will not let me tell you, and I love you dear, and I want to make me the happiest man on earth with you."

Myra allowed the paper to flutter to the floor as she stared out of the window on the glory of the western sunset toward which they were driving. She was half pleased, half angry, at the declaration. This was her first season in society, and she was not minded to give up her liberty so soon, and for that reason she had evaded Sinclair's declarations. She did not wish to marry so soon, and she could not say him no.

She remembered how Nancy Baldwin had been the belle of one season and during the next had been almost completely monopolized by Ben Trayer. Myra had planned to have another year of freedom before she should be led captive by Cupid.

But in the end an amused smile played, yes, answers the other. "This" was Sinclair's strategy, and when the porter came through the car to light the gas she procured a telegraph blank, and wrote out a one word message, "Yes."

Her uncle was at the station the next morning to greet her and to hand her a yellow envelope.

"This came just as I was leaving the house," he said. "I hope that it does not tell you anything about the future."

Myra tore open the envelope and read the short message.

"I am coming on," Sinclair wired, "today I'll be again in English and pantomime."

"It's good news—very good news," said Myra, smiling softly, as she looked up into her uncle's anxious face.

For after all, pantomime, not Esperanto, if properly expressed, is the universal language of love.

Afraid of Safety Pins.

It is not easy to realize the bondage to that most common article, the safety pin, on account of their superstitious ignorance. Mrs. Theodore Best tells in her book, "Southern Arabia," how she tried to make a present of a safety pin to a native woman and what a storm of indignation was occasioned by her act. On our arrival at our camping ground and while we were waiting for our tents to be ready I was surrounded by women all naked. They seemed highly astonished at a safety pin which I was taking out, so I gave it, rather, offered it to an old woman near me. She wanted to take the pin, but several men rushed between us and roared at us both and prevented my giving it to her. I stood there holding it out and the men, for our hand, and one or two men then asked me for it for her. I put it down on a stone, and she took it away and seemed pleased, but a man soon brought it back to me on the end of a stick, saying they did not know these things and were afraid of them.

Uses of the Tile.

The native chieftain of the West Coast of Africa has a rather peculiar notion for champagne (and for Hamburg gin, in the absence of the more costly liquors), and that is to use a tile to hold it. But the odd thing is that they have no idea how the alkali that is in the tile is to be used. It is at times to use it as a basket, even as a shield or buckler.

An African chief has been seen before now swaggering proudly down the creek bed which formed the only street of his capital with a brand new plug hat on his head, neatly encased in tissue paper, the wrapper in which the hat arrived from England. He preserved the tissue paper with the greatest care, as being the one really swag feature of the hat.

CLEANING A CLOCK.

It is Not Very Difficult, According to These Directions.

It is very simple to clean a clock, which may sound rather absurd. For an amateur it is not always necessary to take the clock to pieces. With a little care and brushes of the proper kind, a clean white rag, a sable brush and some oil a clock can be cleaned and put in first class running order. The brushes should be clean and free from oil. You can test benzine by putting a little on the back of the hand. If it is good, it will dry off, leaving the hand quite clean but if any grease remains on the hand it is not fit to use.

The oil should be of the very best that can be procured. Vegetable oils should never be used. Clock oil can be procured from your druggist or jeweler. All loose dirt should be removed from the works by blowing with bellows or a fan or dusting with a dry brush. In the latter case great care should be exercised not to injure any of the parts. Dip the brush in the benzine and clean the spindles and spindle holes and the teeth of the escapement wheel. After washing a part wipe the brush on the rag and rinse in the benzine. This should be repeated frequently until no more dirt is seen.

When the clock has dried off the spindle holes carefully. This may be done with a toothpick or a piece of wood cut to a fine point. Oil the teeth of the escapement wheel slightly, using a fine brush—Popular Mechanics.

LOWESTOFT CHINA.

Story of a Factory Whose Products Are Now Highly Prized.

At the end of the North parade, Lowestoft, is a factory which has a place of great interest to connoisseurs of china. It was here, in the eighteenth century, that the discovery of fine clay was made which eventually led to Lowestoft manufacturing the china which is now so rare that it is almost priceless.

Initial experiments made by Hewitt Lawson, Esq., of Gunton Park, near Lowestoft, with some fine clay discovered accidentally on his estate resulted in complete success and ultimately led to the opening of a factory at Lowestoft in 1776 for the manufacture of fine earthenware and porcelain "best paste."

In 1775 a finely glazed and decorated "best paste" was introduced, and the facility and beauty of which brought a brilliant success for the product.

Contemporary evidence indisputably shows that from 1770 to 1800 the Lowestoft factory was at the zenith of their fame. Owing, however, to the enormous expenses and difficulty incurred in procuring china clay from Cornwall and the fact that the original clay was exhausted and the rapidly increasing competition of other makers in property waste, the collapse came, and the works were closed in 1803—London Globe.

Clerical Gowns in New York.

"Today I encountered a white of New York tailors that astonished me," said a western clergyman. "I ordered a suit of clothes from a man who recommended a tailor who said:

"What's the reason you folks are passing me along to another tailor?" I asked. "Do I look hard and fat?" "You afraid you won't get your money?"

"The tailor explained that neither of my guesses was correct. He declined to make a suit for me because I was not a clergyman and require a clerical cut. He let me down easily by stating further that he never undertook to make ecclesiastical garments, that very few of the lay tailors in New York do undertake them. They do not have enough of that kind of work to keep them constantly informed on the requirements of the different religious orders. A mistake would be embarrassing to the clergyman and to the tailor, so they had all such customers over to tailors who make a specialty of such work."

Burn Waste as Fuel.

To burn as fuel sewage, sludge, oil, washings, shale, and other waste is the latest London innovation. It is an crude naphtha, or other fatty substance is mixed with petroleum shale, and the mixture is then used in a special way as to produce a solid precipitate which can be separated from the remaining liquid. The thin fluid from which the precipitate has been separated is used to produce a gas which is burned as fuel.

For this purpose resinous matter is dissolved in the liquor until the whole is a thick, sticky mass. The oil of the binding agent. This mass may be mixed with a fatty substance in equal proportions and the mixture is then used as a fuel. The combustible rubbish is reduced to a dry powder and is used for making artificial coke. A portion of the dried precipitate produced as described. A little of the oil of the binding agent is added and is mixed at a suitable temperature. The result is pressed into blocks or briquettes, and the briquettes are used for producing artificial fuel as described. With slight changes the same formula is used for making artificial coke, an achievement hitherto impossible.

TITLES THRUST ON THEM.

Many Famous Englishmen Have Wanted to Remain Commoners.

We are far from the days when, in the words of the gentleman in "The Good Soldier," there is a growing number of people who look on honors and titles as a nuisance. As a matter of fact, as Cromwell did on the march, The Right Hon. Arthur Dyke Acland is one of the few political colleagues—or was the King?—would have sent him to the House of Lords, but he had no desire to relinquish the activities of the Lower House for the less exciting duties of the Gilded Chamber. If he had lived five or three hundred years ago he would have found the refusal a costly business.

Humphrey Chetham was one of those who were mulcted in fines because of their refusal to accept honors. He preferred to pay a matter of £25 for not becoming a knight, and the warrant issued against him may be seen in the Chetham Library. But as a shrewd Lancastrian he probably thought that £25 was preferable to the knighthood fee of £50, or thereabouts, and the expense of a journey to London to be tapped on the shoulder by the King.

There are many men now living who are of this opinion, and of the baron that if they chose, but they were not "out for honors" of that kind. As a matter of fact, some home after negotiating the Behring Sea Fisheries decided he had the chance of a fortune. He decided it. A similar honor was twice within the grasp of Mr. Gladstone, but he preferred to remain a commoner. Mr. Henniker-Heaton is another who might have knelt to the King and accepted a peerage, but he is solely from choice, and so is Mr. Henry Chaplin.

At certain times when honors are not so lightly thrust aside. The late Lord Salisbury found this to be the case when his father died, and a second son, who had had few expectations of the marquise, was named. He had no desire to abandon his place in the Commons for a seat in the House of Lords, but the Lords, and he spent much time and money in taking the highest legal opinion in the land on the question. Is the son of a peer obliged to succeed? The answer was "Yes," and the marquise went about. Mr. St. John Brodrik, on becoming Lord Brodrik, was faced with the same dilemma. He asked the question, received the same answer, and he decided to remain a commoner. Lord Curzon and Curzon asked delicately for opinions on this subject. But this was before going to the House of Commons. The answer was "Yes," and the marquise went about. Mr. St. John Brodrik, on becoming Lord Brodrik, was faced with the same dilemma. He asked the question, received the same answer, and he decided to remain a commoner. Lord Curzon and Curzon asked delicately for opinions on this subject. But this was before going to the House of Commons. The answer was "Yes," and the marquise went about.

FLOWER GIRLS TO STAY.

English Ladies Enter Plea For Ancient Feature of London.

The appeal of Mrs. Asquith, Lady Dorothy Nevill and other well-known ladies on behalf of the flower girls of Oxford Circus, is to bear fruit. It is probable that at the meeting of Marylebone Borough Council it will be decided to allow the girls to remain, with the proviso that as they quit the some others shall not be allowed to enter the place, says the London Daily Express.

Wealthy residents in Portland place, where the flower girls have been daily making inquiries of the girls for their services, have stopped to say a cheer word to them.

Phillip, a member of Marylebone Borough Council, in an interview said, "I am against the flower girls, but I am in favor of the council will not take that extreme measure. It seems to me a wrong move to annihilate the street seller and his cries. In High street, Marylebone, one can hear the cries of the flower girls, and it is not without value to the shopkeeper. Of course, there are two sides to the question at Oxford Circus, but without going into that I may say that I am in favor of their remaining, and I think they will do so."

Reindeer Thriving.

All lovers of natural history will be interested in the domesticated Lapland reindeer sent out to Newfoundland and Labrador through Dr. Grenfell last November. They have all come through the winter very well. On the other hand, the small herd of reindeer sent to the island of Newfoundland, have suffered severely from the heat. It is reported that about a dozen of the deer and their fawns have perished during the hot weather at the end of June and early part of July.

This unfortunate state of affairs especially arises from bad management of the animals. The habits of the reindeer. The wild caribou of the island (which is the same animal as the Lapland reindeer), like all the other Arctic fauna, suffers in the warm weather of summer and dies.

The World is Learning.

Briggs—Do you believe that the world is divided into two classes—those who borrow and those who lend? Briggs—No, sir. My experience is that two other classes are more prevalent—those who want to borrow and those who won't lend.

AN UPHOLSTERY HINT.

Embroidered Grass Linen Loops For the Summer Curtain.

It is an art to make curtain loops now. Where half a dozen kinds of different draperies are used on one floor, it gives a unity to the effect to have all the loops, at least, alike.

The latest is a curtain loop made of cord and embroidered grass linen, a flimsy material which stands any number of tubings without losing its beauty.

Such loops may be wide or narrow. It is possible to buy striped strips of the narrower bands ready embroidered, and they are far from costly. Shaped loops are made to order, and may be worked at home. The design should be something in keeping with the material, and the embroidery looks best if done in white cotton on a colored ground or in a cotton to match the linen. Small flowers placed close together, apple or cherry blossoms or violets, are always suggestive of the orient.

When cretonne, cotton, flowered taffeta or any of the colored materials are used in the shape for summer curtains, the same may be made into loops, if one is carrying out the correct scheme of decoration. Draped curtains are not always preferred, but straight hanging ones, especially in the living room, are very popular. In the case of those who like to see that they are getting as much fresh air as possible. Looped back curtains give a room a cooler and less formal appearance than straight hanging ones, which is another reason why this style is adapted to the country house.

It is possible to have certain loops are being revived and are much liked for cretonne draperies. Perhaps they are not quite so large as were the huge old-fashioned room curtains which were draped, but in every other detail they are identical. They are made of colored glass or crystal, in perfect imitation of the old time ones that are so highly valued.

A GOOD LETTER.

Ease the Most Conspicuous Literary Quality of a Social Letter.

Ease carried even to the point of unconventionality should be the most conspicuous literary quality of a social letter. Elliptical expressions are proper enough in familiar correspondence, but they have no place in notes of ceremony.

And egotism is as much out of place in a familiar letter as in the drawing room or at the dinner table.

Extreme precision, whether of phrase or of punctuation, is to be avoided. It may be taken for granted that the polished letters of famous men and women have been studied, and that a pity that they have not such letters just as they were written.

Letter writing is a form of social contract, and the first essential of such contact is courtesy.

One might almost say even a note is a social invitation with the phrase, "Yours of even date received and contents noted," as pepper our private correspondence with the elements of the market place, the law courts or the baseball field.

We should leave out of our familiar correspondence legal phrases, and "dear," because it is technical and it does not serve as well as something truly universal.

An unconditional form that is better familiar correspondence is that in which the pronoun "I" as the subject of a sentence is omitted.

It is a pleasant surprise to read a letter that opens with a sentence directly from the heart of the writer, yet most of us are so slaves of convention that we fear to shock our correspondents by any departure from established usage.

Why Quids Wrote.

An English physician who had an interview with Ouida a week before her death suggested to her the thought of all the pleasure which her books has given to so many thousands of people. He must be exceedingly comforting to her. In his illness, Ouida replied: "I neither appreciate nor indeed have ever appreciated the applause of the public, and my motive for writing has always been the pleasure of seeing myself in print."

Honduran Hard Wood.

A railroad, which has just been opened to traffic as far as Ochoa, thirty-five miles, was built with crooked pine ties from the United States. It is worth of note that the crooked pine ties are being shipped from the United States to Honduras, and the Honduran hard wood is being shipped to the United States—Forest and Stream.

SEE WRITER OFF A ONE WORD MESSAGE.

Myra Trent off. Sinclair was there, but upon his face was a smile of such satisfaction as makes further wonder if perhaps Sinclair had found his opportunity, after all.

There was a stir as the train pulled in, and under cover of the confusion Sinclair handed a package to Miss Trent.

"It's the newest detective story," he explained. "I know that you like all sorts of mystery stories. I have taken the liberty of adding a homemade puzzle in case you find the book too short."

Myra smiled appreciatively. She preferred cryptograms to chocolates, riddles to roses. She had won many magazine contests of this sort in her youth. She found Sinclair's present more acceptable than Underby's violets, and as soon as she had settled herself in her Pullman section she unwrapped the book.

As she ran over the pages an envelope dropped out. It contained a single sheet of note paper, and in Sinclair's cursive handwriting was this note:

Kara Myra—Ella, ich bin helpo de in-shi alio, vi trova lum da mal-facile kompreni la senson de in-shi sentadino, und vi shi felika en la labori je enigma, kaj pro tio mi sendas al vi tian cil intereso. Mi desiras al vi personi mi per permessa ke mi skribu al vi personi. Mi vin amas, kaj solitu al vi, ke mi shi felika en la labori. Mi amas per la unu vorto "Ja."

Myra smiled as she read the odd jumble of words. Many of them looked familiar. There was no mistaking "enigma," "Mondo" was clearly the "world," and "labor" was "labor." Other words were of familiar aspect, and then there were some that were totally strange.

It might be a combination of the "hog Latin" of childhood days and the real Latin of the college course, and an hour's study showed many words not to be accounted for on any such hypothesis. The more she studied the more firmly convinced was Myra that this was some new form of cryptogram invented by Sinclair to divert her on her two-day trip.

—She was still studying the slip of paper when the porter came around to make up her berth, and in the troubled sleep which broke the night journey strange combinations of letters danced before her eyes.

When she came back from breakfast in the diner the next morning the porter approached with the envelope and said: "A germana done tole me gib you dis

The Carpet Weaver



WHERE YOUTHFUL CARPET WEAVERS LABORED

HAVING cast his line with precision, Hassan leaned against the barrel placed for his convenience on the edge of the quay. Hassan also gave a deep sigh of content. True, the future held painful punishment for his knife, but he was having a glorious time now, and the future must take care of itself.

Hassan thought of the first time he had gone a-fishing. Ben Ali had coaxed him down to this very quay, and had instructed him exactly how to handle his line. He remembered how he had run away in terror from the ugly squinting thing he drew from the water—thing with eight twisting, twisting, snake legs, fastened to a body ten inches long, and with horrible, protruding, green eyes. He remembered, too, how Ben Ali had called threateningly after him:

"Coward, come back! Come back, or I shall never let you come with me again!"

He had returned to watch, with fearful fascination, the snake legs curl about Ben Ali's hand. Then Ben Ali, with a devious sweep of his knife, had cut off the entire eight legs close to the ugly creature's body. They had relaxed helplessly, the humping green eyes had lost their luster. And Ben Ali, after hacking the body and legs into small pieces, had placed them in a bag and carried them home. Hassan had eaten his share of the dish at supper that evening, but he did not relish it, for, try as he would, he could not help thinking of the frightful green eyes.

Then how severe his father had been! "No good, self-respecting Mohammedan," the stern parent had said, "should spend his time fishing like the poor Turks, when he might be engaged in the ancient and honorable trade of carpet weaving!"

THE DARING IDEA

Hassan detested carpet weaving. It was too tiresome to sit with several other boys from 8 o'clock in the morning until 5 in the evening, pulling the fine threads through the warp to make smooth rugs. He would much rather play about the streets until he grew big enough to sell newspapers and curries to clean and shine the boots of rich foreign gentlemen and to assist old Araba in the sale of oranges, dates and matches.

No longer did Hassan feel content. He thought of the jolly little foreign lad he had seen the other day. This boy, whom Ben Ali called an American, didn't need to weave carpets. The more Hassan reflected the more he longed to be an American. Hardly realising what he did, he framed in his heart this resolution:

"As soon as I can, I shall run away to America and not be a Mohammedan or weave carpets."

Then so frightened was he at the daring of his idea that he pulled in his line and ran home to be punished.

"Hassan, you are not growing up a good boy. I must send you away to learn the Koran," sadly announced his father.

So the lad was placed under the care of a mollah, who made him work as hard as he had labored at carpet weaving. All day long he and his boy companions squatted before their teacher, learning the Koran by heart and repeating in a peculiar, sing-song way words of which they little understood



HASSAN AND HIS "KIT"

the meaning. They were also taught to write and to count.

All through the rainy month he applied himself to study, until they arrived the brilliant holiday of Bayram. Hassan spent this day strolling about the city. Chancing to be near the wharves when a big steamer came in, he earned a pretty silver piece for carrying a lady's satchel. With this he bought a handful of peanuts and two handfuls of sweetmeats, and he had besides, five sous with which he thought to surprise his father. But his father was very angry, and scolded him, saying:

"Your study of the Koran has apparently been in vain, for you were able to know that no good Mohammedan may work or accept pay during Bayram."

The discouraged parent now took Hassan from school, and, as the lad was quite a good size, provided him with a bootblack's box, a set of brushes and a blacking.

From this time Hassan became quite prosperous. He could fill his pockets with sous during a day, and, although he was supposed to hand it all to his father, a few of the coins always stuck in his pocket. Hassan did not realize how very wrong

Then Hassan became quite a mer-

chant. He had grown somewhat tired of the rivalry and competition of shoe-blackening, where he was often compelled to fight another bootblack to gain a customer. And when he doled under the tables of the Cafe Bordeaux to escape flying brushes he was cut by the waiters and kicked by the gentlemen there. Yes, he decided, a merchant's life was much more pleasant.

Therefore Hassan collected sea-stars, shells, pins, buttons, pictures and skins of the sand snake. Many tourists came to Algiers, brought by the French steamers which arrived three times a week. The lad made great profit upon his wares, especially as he learned to employ the different languages of the people whom he asked to buy.

So at last Hassan was able to purchase his canoe. It cost twenty francs, and Hassan possessed only ten francs; but his father kindly loaned him the other ten. The lad was so grateful that he consented to accompany his father to the mosque, where, it must be confessed, his only emotion was that of pride in entering a building where only men and no women were allowed. Little did he think of the sincerity of his prayers to Allah.

PROFIT IN HIS BOAT

But the boat! Ah, it was a fine one, with double sculls and a handsome piece of carpet to cover the seat at the stern. Hassan could now sail upon the deep blue waters of his beloved sea. Far out upon the Mediterranean he would row, until the white buildings of the city of Algiers looked like a tiny white spot upon the shore line, and the green gardens which flanked it, and which also rose in terraces to the hills back of the city, showed only in dark patches. Then, riding upon the waves, he would bask in the sunshine and gaze upward at a sky that was as blue as the waves.

Much money he earned by rowing tourists out upon the sea. Always he demanded 10 sous. And if the gentleman insisted that the price was too high, Hassan would merely say, solemnly:

"I'm afraid, then, you must stay where you are."

But when there were sailors who had almost oversteered their leave from the shore and were anxious to get back to their boats to avoid punishment, Hassan gave the rowing more than a little thought. He had run from this distance without charging more than a few sous, and he had made more, which led to his friendship with Jack, the American, who had been attached to the United States torpedo department in Algiers.

He had missed his regular boat back to the vessel in which he had been when Hassan, whom he had hired upon previous occasions, now, Hassan had picked up

a few words of English, and as he knew Jack owned allegiance to the land he so much admired, it did not take him long to open conversation.

"I wish I was American," he had said gravely.

Jack, much surprised, asked the reason. And when Hassan told of the resolve he had made years ago, that some time he would be an American, the sailor became thoughtful.

"Do you know," said he, finally, "you look like a decent young Arab, and I don't know but what I could get a friend of mine to find you a berth on one of our transports lying over there."

Hassan's cheeks flushed with gratitude, and Jack, observing how the suggestion was appreciated, decided to make good his offer.

One afternoon Hassan stole from home for the last time. His conscience reproached him for leaving his father, but he left a note telling of his ambition, and promising to return some time in the future. His boat he had already sold; therefore all his possessions he carried with him.

His heart throbbed as he clambered up the side of the transport, and he whispered exultantly to himself:

"I have at last begun to keep my resolution, for I am now learning to be an American!"

Cracking Walnuts

ANNOUNCE that you can place an English walnut in the joint of your left arm, and crack it without difficulty by simply exercising the strength of your muscles. Place a nut in the joint of your left arm. But first conceal two other walnuts in your right hand.

Close your left arm, and strike it an apparently violent blow with the right hand, at the same time strongly clenching the right hand, which will smash the second walnut in it and cause your audience to believe it was the English walnut under your arm that broke.

Pretend to drop very carefully the fragments from your arm, and show the nut you have cracked in your hand instead of the other.

Youthful Criminals

TWO bad little boys were standing on the street corner, when another well-dressed little boy passed on his way to the drug store to buy a box of chocolates.

"Let's take his penny away from him," one bad boy suggested to the other.

"That's a good idea," replied his wicked companion.

"It's best to wait until he goes in and

steals the chocolate. We'll use our

color extra work."

Mademoiselle Elise

"M ON PERE, I have an idea—the grandest idea one could possibly think of!" exclaimed pretty Elise.

"And what is this clever idea?" smilingly asked Elise's father, who had just escaped from his cousin's country life and runs out to his country retreat at Trianon, where she and the noble folk play at being simple peasants. They make hay, milk the cows, and they say that even the king grinds out flour in a little mill there.

"Yes," nodded the father, "so they do."

"And why cannot I invite some of my friends out to the chateau, father?" Elise went on, enthusiastically. "Life here in Paris is, oh, so tiresome; and we would have a most splendid outing!"



"BORN IN A CHAIR"

Elise's father gravely considered this request, and, to his great delight, finally gave his consent.

Thus it was that the following week many little girls and boys, who were so fortunate as to possess Elise's friendship, made their way toward the charming little chateau. In all sorts of conveyances they came. Elise herself traveled in a cozy chair, and was carried from the neighboring chateau, where she had been spending a short visit.

Then how they romped! "It's such a relief," merrily remarked Mademoiselle Lucie, "to forget all one's grand manners for a time and play at being peasant children." Every one agreed with her.

You may be sure they were sorry when the day ended. And you may know that they promised themselves similar treats in the near future.

But as Queen Marie Antoinette herself was forced to forego her delightful visits to Trianon, so Mademoiselle Elise and her friends found it impossible to carry out their plans. This was because the horrible French revolution was upon them—a dreadful time when Elise's father and mother and all the other noble ladies and gentlemen were in gravest peril, and were fortunate if they escaped with their lives.

Flower Enemies

IT IS rather interesting to note that certain flowers have great dislike for each other. For instance, if you will make up a bouquet containing among other flowers, roses and mignonettes, and place the bouquet in a vase for an hour, you will find that while the other flowers remain perfectly fresh, the roses and mignonettes have wilted. It is to say, they have killed each other.

Lilies-of-the-valley also kill without pity any other flower with which they come in close contact.

And the contrary, carnations and heliotropes have the greatest affection for each other.

Yet some people say that flowers cannot feel!

How Savages Create Fire

IT IS rather difficult for us to imagine people who know nothing about fire, and, as a matter of fact, there are no people now on the face of the earth, no matter how barbarous, who do not know how to make fire. We make it easily enough by striking a match, but years ago our ancestors were compelled to resort to flint and tinder. The forest-dwelling people of the farther East have an old instrument for making fire. Near the coast every man carries a bit of crockery in the box of bamboo slung at his waist, a chip of a plate and a handful of dry fungus. Holding the tinder under his thumb upon the fragment of earthenware, he strikes the side of the box sharply and the tinder takes fire. But this method can only be used by tribes which have communication with the foreigners, who supplies them with European goods. The inland people use a more singular process. They carry a short cylinder of lead, hollowed roughly to cuplike form at one end, which they fill with bamboo. Placing this cylinder in the palm of the left hand, they fill the cup with tinder, and then, holding the cup with the right hand, they strike sharply, remove the covering as quickly, and the tinder is alight.

Boys With Toy Motor Boats

Toy motor-boat racing has become very popular among the boys and girls of Paris. These boats range in length from a few inches to four feet, the boats of greater size being driven by electric motors. They are power, regular contests are arranged in the artificial lakes at the Tueries gardens and other convenient places.

Laziest of Plants

A SLEEPY old fellow this cactus is. During the day when most plants are wide awake he keeps himself tightly closed and slumbers deeply. But at midnight, when the daisies and other good, innocent flowers have long since gone to bed, he cautiously opens his eyes and looks drowsily about him for a while. Then off he goes again to slumberland, not to awake until the next midnight. What right he has to must have among respectable flowers! You wouldn't want to be a lazy cactus such as he, would you?

Agreed With Her

Mother — "Sammy, I don't want to ever catch you in the pantry again. Sammy (weeping)—"An I don't want you to, neither."

Baby's New Dress



TOO MANY PERSONS "FIX" BABY'S DRESS

ALTHOUGH baby was as bright and cheerful a lot as ever lived, she was very vain of herself and her dresses. She owned ever so many pretty frocks, and was always waiting for more.

So that when one afternoon a wagon brought a mysterious box to the house and the box, when opened, displayed the daintiest kind of a baby's dress, all baby danced in glee. But her joy turned to grief when she found the dress too long for her.

"I think we can make it fit her," said the mother, after they had inspected the frock upon baby.

Late that afternoon grandma happened to see the dress lying upon a chair.

"I shall cut it for the dear little

angel," said she. Bringing her sewing basket she dutifully cut and stitched and hemmed. After she had finished grandma left home to pay a visit to a neighbor.

After dinner baby's mother picked up the dress, saying to herself:

"I think I shall now fix baby's dress so that it will be ready for her to wear tomorrow."

Then she cut the dress off at the bottom and at the sleeves.

Baby's aunt rose early next morning, and she passed through the sewing room to see the new dress.

"Baby will be disappointed if her new dress isn't ready today," I think I'll fix it now."

More was cut off the dress, the aunt thinking before any of the other members of the family came downstairs.

The first thing baby said when she arose in the morning was:

"Where's my pretty new dress?"

The dress was brought promptly, and mother, grandmother and aunt gathered round to observe how delighted baby would be.

"You can imagine her surprise when they saw the dress was now so small that baby looked ridiculous."

"I can't understand it," gasped grandma. "I took the greatest care in cutting."

"You didn't!" cried the aunt. "Why, I fixed it myself only a few hours ago!"

"And I sewed upon it last evening," added baby's mother. "Every one knew the pretty frock was spoiled."

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Is Now On and the Bills and Quotations are Out.
If you have not received one call and we would be pleased to give you any information you may desire

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Everything at a bargain at the Cash Store
Highest Price Paid for Fresh Butter
and Eggs.

Geo. Richardson,**FEEDING THE FANCY HORSE.**

The ration for driving and saddle horses should be different from that of the average work horse. This is due to a large measure to the peculiar demands of such animals.

They should be fed much less roughage in proportion to their size than horses at ordinary work, writes a Kentucky breeder in Farm Progress. The roughage should also be of a different nature.

The driving and saddle horse must have plenty of endurance, thus must be fed roughage which will not in any way cause looseness of the digestive system, or "slovenliness," as it is generally known.

In this respect timothy hay seems to be the very best kind of roughage for such animals. Mixed hay does fairly well where the horses have very light work to perform. Clover hay when dusty is very likely to cause wind trouble. When good, pure clover hay is fed it is too loosening. Thus a driving or saddle horse fed on this kind of a ration is soft and "waxy."

Millet may be fed in very small quantities. Good, pure oat or barley straw may be used in small quantities.

For grain nothing is equal to good, clean, heavy oats. Other feedstuffs may be equal as heat and flesh producers, but they do not possess the



LADY MAIDE, A MORGAN BEAUTY.

stimulating qualities which are found in oats. This is supposed to be due to a specific albuminoid which is found only in the oat grain.

It gives the horse his fire and snap, which are so desirable in the driving and saddle horse. Oats should form the major portion of the ration. Some other feedstuffs can usually be added to the oat ration and by so doing reduce the cost. Some bran, shorts, corn, gluten feed, barley, wheat and a great variety of other feedstuffs might be mentioned in this connection. Oats should always constitute at least one-half or, better still, two-thirds of the ration fed. For instance, a ration of three parts oats, two parts corn and one part of either bran, shorts or gluten feed will give good results.

In regard to the amount of roughage and grain to be fed, it will vary some, depending on the amount of labor to be performed. It is not best to feed over ten or twelve pounds of hay and from twelve to fifteen pounds of grain to a horse regularly employed.

For horses which have light work, about the same amount of roughage and from six to ten pounds of grain should be fed. This will have to be regulated by the amount of labor being performed. It is not necessary to cut the roughage or grind the grain for horses which have good teeth and plenty of time to feed. Steamed feed or a mash of some kind should be fed at least twice a week.

Some green feed during the summer season and roots during the winter months should be supplied. They will have a favorable influence on the health of the animals.

The watering of these animals is an especially important matter. They should always be watered before being fed grain and should not receive any for at least two hours after feeding. It is not best to give driving and saddle horses a large quantity of water at one time, especially just preceding a drive, as it is very likely to affect the digestive system and may cause the animal to scour.

The horse which is required to make a long drive should receive water every two hours, especially in warm weather.

Merely a Sample.

"What is the matter, little boy?" asked the professor. "Have you got the message?"

"Nope," answered the boy. "I've got the message. They're only one of 'em."

"That's singular!" mused the professor.

Sign of Prescience.

First Magazine Editor—I believe my youngster is cut out for an editor. Second Editor—Why not? First Editor—Everything he gets his hands on he runs and throws into the wastebasket.

**PUBLIC NOTICE**

Sittings of the District
Court of the District
of Calgary.

The Sittings of the District Court, and the District Judge's Criminal Court, of the District of Calgary during the year 1909 will be held at the places and on the dates given below for the trial of actions and the disposal of any civil business which may properly be brought before the said Court.

CALGARY:
Commencing:
Monday, January 26th
Monday, February 22nd
Monday, March 22nd
Monday, April 26th
Tuesday, May 24th
Monday, June 21st
Monday, September 20th
Monday, October 26th
Monday, November 22nd
Monday, December 13th

OKOTOKS:
Tuesday, January 12th
Tuesday, April 13th
Wednesday, September 1st
Tuesday, November 1st

HIGH RIVER:
Wednesday, January 13th
Wednesday, April 14th
Thursday, September 2nd
Wednesday, November 2nd

COCHRANE:
Tuesday, March 2nd
Tuesday, June 1st
Tuesday, September 28th
Wednesday, December 1st

BRANFET:
Wednesday, March 3rd
Wednesday, June 2nd
Wednesday, September 23rd
Thursday, December 2nd

IRVINE:
Monday, February 8th
Monday, May 10th
Tuesday, September 7th
Monday, November 8th

MEDICINE HAT:
Tuesday, February 9th
Tuesday, May 11th
Wednesday, September 8th
Tuesday, November 9th

OLDS:
Tuesday, March 10th
Tuesday, June 15th
Tuesday, September 14th
Tuesday, December 7th

DRISDALE:
Wednesday, March 17th
Wednesday, June 16th
Wednesday, September 15th
Wednesday, December 8th

CARSTAIRS:
Thursday, March 18th
Thursday, June 17th
Thursday, September 16th
Thursday, December 9th

CROSSFIELD:
Friday, March 19th
Friday, June 18th
Friday, September 17th
Friday, December 10th

GLEICHEN:
Wednesday, January 20th
Wednesday, April 21st
Wednesday, September 18th
Wednesday, October 13th

LANGDON:
Tuesday, January 19th
Tuesday, April 20th
Tuesday, October 12th
Tuesday, November 9th

Deputy Attorney General.
Dated October 15th, 1908.

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100 acres, 2 miles from town, 40 acres under cultivation. Good well, house, stable and granary. Good corrals. \$20 an acre.

100 acres 3 miles from town, 75 acres broke, house, spring and running water, barn, shed, well fenced. 30 an acre. Apply to J. C. Box 94, Crossfield.

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A Clean Record and Absolute Security is offered by the LONDON LIFE

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WHAT IS YOUR ESTIMATE?

To record your estimate, you merely send it in with \$1.75 as subscription to CROSSFIELD CHRONICLE and THE NOR'-WEST FARMER for one year.

MAKE AN ESTIMATE NOW. By doing so you get the Nor'-West Farmer to Jan. 1st, 1910. In case of a tie the Estimate First Received gets the Award.

You are as likely to win as anyone; and whether you win a prize or not, you get sterling value for your money, in a year's subscription to two such papers as ours and The Nor'-West Farmer.

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Competition Closes March 31, 1909

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Harness - - Saddles - - Spurs
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Bring your sick boots and shoes and have them fixed by one of your own citizens

JOHN MORRISON,

Practical Bootmaker

Hand sewed boots to order a specialty.

I will also repair all kinds of Tinware. Next door to Hultgren & Davie's Land Office.

Entertainment at Golden Rod

A very successful and enjoyable literary entertainment was given by the Golden Rod literary association on Tuesday night, the charming Indian summer weather bringing out an exceptionally large number of people from the surrounding country as well as a pleasant party from Airdrie.

The musical and literary program for the evening had been placed under the direction of Miss Hoskins, who is spending some weeks at Airdrie before starting for the old country, not having been ready to take the first date assigned her as an Alberta delegate on the Canadian educationalists' visit of inspection of the educational institutions of Great Britain.

Miss Hoskins is an accomplished musician, and was congratulated by the speakers of the evening on the remarkable results obtained in the very short time given in which to prepare the program. A number of favorite southern melodies were very sweetly rendered by the young people of Golden Rod, who also gave in chorus some of the well known patriotic songs, such as the beautiful Canadian Empire day song, "The Colonials and the Flag," "The Men of the North," etc. These last were the most enthusiastically received of the evening, though the Scotch airs were also warmly applauded. Some readings and recitations bearing on the literary work of the association were also given by (Mrs.) Rev. Brown, Mr. Slover, Ross Watters, W. Hartwick and Master Hare. Others who contributed to the solos and choruses of the evening were the Misses Pole, Hare, Knight, Mrs. Pattillo and Messrs. Watson, Pole, Pattillo and Hare. Little Miss Stover sang sweetly, "Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's Voice," and Mr. Pole rendered by request, "Castles in the Air." The Rev. Mr. Brown, Presbyterian pastor of Airdrie, who was appointed chairman in the early part of the evening, called upon the Rev. Mr. Whyte, Moderator of the Presbyterian church for Alberta, to address the meeting on the aims and object of the association. The audience expected a treat, and they were not disappointed, for the Moderator is an eloquent speaker who seems to bring into his address the national characteristics of thrift, always seizing the right moment for driving home an important lesson. The Rev. Mr. Brown as chairman, also gave a short address in his usual witty manner. "God Save the King" brought to a close a thoroughly delightful evening.

CROSSFIELD

Monday is Thanksgiving Day.

Have you subscribed yet?

Spring Chicken wanted at the Meat Market 15c. cash paid.

Monday is the King's Birthday and all the stores in town will be closed.

Presbyterian Church Service held in Methodist Church every Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m.

The office belonging to P. C. Cowling is to be let. Apply to H. C. Morrow or W. Brandon

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2:30 and a preaching service at 3:30 every Sunday afternoon.

Church of England service will be held in the School-house, Crossfield, on Sunday next at 3:30 p. m.

There will be a Celebration of Holy Communion on Sunday November 15th after Evensong.

A Wellington cablegram says that the parliamentary elections for New Zealand will take place on Nov. 17, when the maintenance, reduction, or total abolition of liquor licenses will be decided upon.

Lost on Sunday evening October 18th a gold locket, between Crossfield and Mr. R. S. Peacock's residence on trail leading past Mr. Oldaker's. A reward will be paid if returned to Wm Urquhart Crossfield.

At the supreme court on Thursday before Mr. Justice Beck, the libel case against D. McGillivray, of the Daily News was postponed till Tuesday next, to accommodate the defence. Mr. E. F. Davis, of Vancouver will be here on Tuesday to conduct the defence.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the Parishoners of the proposed Parish of Crossfield will be held on the 14th day of November, 1908, at 8 o'clock p. m. in the Band Hall Crossfield, to discuss matters of some importance.

It is earnestly hoped that all adult members of the Church of England will make a special effort to be present, especially as Canon Webb has most kindly consented to come from Calgary to act as Chairman of the meeting.

Dated this 1st day of November A. D. 1908.
A. W. STACEY,
Convener.

WM. URQUHART

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2nd Prize

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